Lawrence Democrat.

"CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT."

VOLUME VI. LAWRENCEBURG, TENN., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1890. NUMBER 51.

HER STIPULATION.

At the old piano seated
As I played with Margaret,
Sweet the harmony repeated
In the chords of our duet.

'Twas her favorite piece, she told me,
She had chosen it to play,
And its music seemed to hold me
With a viewless, magic sway.

'Twas a melody Circassian,
And its strains, in varying mood,
Now sang low of love's sweet passion,
Now like clarions stirred the blood.

Still with me the memory lingers
Of that happy day in June;
So harmonious moved our fingers
Surely we had hearts in tune!

Visions through my soul delighted
Passed, that told what joy 'twould be
If our hands could be united,
Making endless harmony.

And I thought "'Tis now or never!"
So I whispered: "Margaret,
Why should not we twain forever
Make our lives one long duet?"

She, meanwhile, with smile entrancing,
Stood, in silence wrapt; but soon,
"'Twould be nice," she said, down glancing,
"*If I always chose the tune!*"

—R. H. Titherington, in West Shore.

BRAVE MARY SEXTON.

How She Saved Her Lover and the Express Train.

"Is it true, John, that you are to bring in the express to-morrow night?"

There was a world of solicitude in Mary Sexton's voice as she looked up into John Manning's face, her eyes showing, even more than her voice, the dread which had taken possession of her.

"It's true, Mary, darling, but have no fear. There are no road agents in these parts, nowadays, and I'm quite sure that the modern tramp has not pluck enough to wreck a train," and John smiled as he endeavored to reassure his sweetheart that there was no danger in connection with the trip.

"But Long Lake is nearly even full, and it was said this morning that the dam might break. In that case there will be plenty of danger at Long Lake pass," pursued Mary.

"Tush, little one, that's only the talk of a man who knows nothing about the dam. It's strong enough, and you need never fear about its breaking. Good-bye, sweetheart," he said, bending over and pressing his lips to hers.

But she still clung to him, loth to let him start, but he disengaged himself and stepped into the cab of his iron horse, pulled open the throttle, and slowly the train rumbled away in the darkness from Hornellsville station toward the mining camp in the mountains fifty miles away, which was the other terminus of the branch, leaving Mary on the platform, her eyes too bedimmed by tears to see her lover.

All that night and the next day, a vague feeling of impending danger filled her heart, and her apprehension became more intense when rain began to fall in torrents early in the afternoon.

The D. L. & S. branch runs from Hornellsville to Mortality Camp, up in the mountains, fifty miles away. The first ten miles are down a steep grade and toward a narrow valley. Then the track is laid between two ranges of hills, the pass not being more than a mile across in its widest part. Just at the base of Long Lake, an immense body of water which furnished power to numbers of stamping mills close by in the pass, the road turns sharply to the right. To avoid tunneling, the road then doubles completely, and runs back, almost parallel to its first course, to Downer's Bend, within two miles of Mary's home. Thus the first twenty odd miles of the road run in the shape of an elongated loop. The branch then continues on an easy stretch to Mortality Camp. The run from Hornellsville to the camp usually occupies nearly two hours, but the return trip could be made in a trifle over an hour and a half.

Every one in Hornellsville knew Mary Sexton, but she was a constant lass, and she had smiles for no lover but the sturdy engineer, John Manning, the friend of her youth, the man who for years had been almost a brother to her, for Mary was an orphan and had known the tender solicitude of a parent only in early childhood. It was only natural, therefore, that the station and the freight-house were places of engrossing interest to her, and that after she had acquired a knowledge of reading and writing, she should solve the intricacies of telegraphy. She was an apt pupil, and for many months had been in the habit of relieving the regular day operator from time to time.

It was considerably after eight o'clock in the evening, when Mary left her home for the station, and though she knew she had to wait until 9:40 o'clock for John's train to return, she could not rest easily while there was any doubt as to the solidity of Long Lake dam.

She stepped into the station a few minutes before the half-hour, prepared to ask for the latest news, but she paused with surprise when she saw that the place was empty. She was still wondering whither the operator had gone, when her accute ear caught the call "Ky," repeated again and again with what seemed to be feverish rapidity. Without stopping to remove her shawl, she hastened to the instrument, opened the key and gave the answering symbol. There was a brief pause, and then hurriedly she read:

"Dam at Long Lake likely to go at any moment. Water even with top. Stampers have fled to high ground. Hr."

"Hr" was the signature of the operator at the company's mills, just beneath the lake, and she recognized it instantly. Opening the key again, she rattled off:

"What time is the express due there?"

The reply came:

"In fifty minutes, or at 9:17. Tried to get Mortality Camp, but got no answer. If the train gets into the pass just as dam breaks, every one will be lost—"

The message abruptly ended, and Mary realized that something had caused the operator to leave his instrument. Instinctively she saw the danger to John and the express. Though her heart throbbed like an engine, she lighted a red lantern, and, hastening with a wild, unreasoning impulse from the station, she sped breathlessly through the street, hardly forming, in the frenzy of her physical exertion, an outline of a plan.

"I have half an hour in which to reach Downer's Bend. John is due there at 8:57," she muttered to herself, and her face bespoke the determination she had reached. "I can reach the switch of the spur track at the Bend at that time. My lantern will slow up the express. I'll throw the switch. That'll send her up the spur towards the quarries at its end. She'll stop in twelve or fifteen car-lengths, after passing the switch, and so I'll save her from entering the pass."

She hurried along for many slowly passing minutes, unmindful of the storm which had drenched her, and likewise unmindful of the rough gravel which cut through her thin slippers and bruised her feet. Presently, above the roar of the rain and the wind, she heard the blast of a locomotive whistle. To her agonized mind it seemed to scream: "Mary! Mary!" dying away in a long moan like that which comes from a person in pain. But scarcely had the sound died in the distance, when she became aware of even a more horrid noise borne on the wind from the direction of the pass; a noise like that made by the crashing of trees in a gale. Again the whistle sounded, and its shriek pierced her heart like a knife. She quickened her frantic run. A few moments more and she was descending the hill which ended at Downer's Bend.

As she neared the switch, she snatched a moment to cast a look backward, and saw the bright gleam of the locomotive's headlight.

She swung the lantern around her head as she ran. In an instant she had thrown the switch; and even while her fingers were groping for the locking-pin, the locomotive dashed by.

She had looked up as it struck the switch-rail, and saw John Manning's face in the window-slide of the cab; and even while she looked, she heard him cry:

"Mary!"

Mary Sexton heard, dimly, the whistle for "down brakes," the sound of escaping steam, the click of the brake-clamps, and the sound of grinding-iron; then she fainted.

* * * * * * *

Three months later the Hornellsville New Era contained this paragraph:

MANNING—SEXTON. In this city July 6, by Rev. T. I. Plicer, Mary, daughter of the late David Sexton, to John S. Manning.

—E. J. Lawlor, in N. Y. Ledger.

VALUE OF THE PAST.

It Tells in the Most Insignificant Acts of the Present.

The power of the past over every instant of the present is so subtle in its operation that it tells in the most insignificant acts. One of my friends who has had much experience in tuition tells me that he knows immediately, without asking questions, whether a young man has had a classical education or not. A close observer might possibly guess from the slightest movements if a young man had been accustomed to athletic exercises.

In all the arts there are momentary difficulties that only the most dexterous can fully overcome. In other words, the labor of years is concentrated in the skill of a moment, the extensive past operating with all its accumulated force upon the narrow present. On witnessing these momentary displays of a skill that is almost incomprehensible, a thoughtful person is chiefly impressed by that marvelous law of nature which makes years of previous labor available all at once.

The great difficulty in employing the Present well is that the use of it must form part of some consistent scheme or well-devised arrangement of life. There is no satisfactory Present that is not well rooted in the Past. It is the sense of this great need of the Past which drives people who have no steady pursuits to a perpetual waste of time. They feel that desultory efforts are useless, and they can not determine to undertake those that might be effectual and continuous. Hence the great advantages in trades and professions, that they insure continuity; they keep the cobbler to his last, the painter to his pallette. It is thus, in the arrangements of nature, that the Present is made so valuable, that men are, on the whole, so wonderfully efficient now when we want their services, and do not put us off with promises of future utility. This is the one admirable result, that civilization helps us now, that the telegraph is ready to take our message and the steamer ready to start, and the fire-engine ready to stop the conflagration. The increased experience of the human race is leading it more and more to appreciate the importance of the Present and to look upon the Future only as that which will be the present in its turn.—Philip G. Hamerton, in Scribner.

A Safe Hobby to Ride.

A hobby is apt to be an expensive palfrey. It sometimes costs piles of money to groom and run it, and it seldom wins purses and cups enough to pay for its keep and entrance fees. Nevertheless, as man, in the absence of some special object to engage his thoughts, is almost sure to get into mischief, it is better for him to push ahead on any sort of a hobby that is not vicious, than to lounge through life in a slipshod, desultory way, without definite aim or purpose. No matter what other praiseworthy hobbies a man may have, he should make *conscience* the prime favorite of his moral stud. That is a hobby that is always safe. Give it the rein freely, never curb or check it, go with it in whatsoever direction its divine instinct would guide you, and over every "hill of difficulty," through every "slough of despond," it shall take you safely to the "narrow house"—which shall seem to be as the "House Beautiful"—at your journey's end.—N. Y. Ledger.

Discovered.

Burglar (soliloquizing)—Well, I guess that's all I can get here

Waiter (talking in his sleep)—Haven't you forgotten something, sir?

(Exit burglar—sash and all.)—Life

PHILOSOPHER DUNDER.

Some of His Wise Sayings Worked Over Into German.

It vhas no fun to kick a man who vhas too meek to resent it, und it vhas no use to argue mit a man who vhas too deaf to hear you.

Eafen if we haf a bird in our handt, we vhas always looking for some more in der bushes. Human nature vhas nefer quite satisfied.

Vhen I comes home at midnight und my wife says notings, den I know dat she vhas camped on my trail und vhill make me tired. Vhen she jaws und blows und cries, den I knows she vhas soon oafer it und doan care.

While I detest selfish people, I hab discovered dat what pleases me der most is also werry satisfactory to the majority of the pooblic.

My nabur on the left hand believes dot shildren should be brought oop by moral suasion. Der one on my right beliefs dot one licking vhas better ash five suasions. Each vhas sooch a firm believer dot it lets my boy oudt altogether und he has his own vhay.

It vhasn't der man in der grocery so mooch as der people who trade mit him dot vhas responsible. All of us know vhat he will say to us when we ask him if dot box holds a quart of strawberries.

It vhas purty good advice dot you doan' bet on somebody else's game, but it vhas better advice dot you doan' bet at all.

I doan' know how oldt dis worldt vhas, nor how long it took to make it, but I belief my health vhas better dan as if I sit oop nights to wonder about her.

Sometimes I meet a man who argues mit me dot der Democratic candidate vhas der best. Sometimes I meet a man who offers to bet me feefty dollar dot der Republican vhas der best. It vhas dot vhay in politics—you vhas either out-argued or bluffed.

Women must be averaged up der same as man. Nature made her to weep over her husband's grave one spring, und take on a second by der next mitout any weeping. Dot vhas all right. When a man vhas dead he vhas no good to anybody.

It seems to me, if I should set oudt to educate a boy for State prison und der gallows, der first shtep I should take would be to ridicule the Bible und laugh at der idea of a God.

I can keep hens und feel all right towards my neighbors, but it is strange dot vhen my neighbors keep hens I vhas mad at 'em all der time!—Detroit Free Press.

JUSTICE NEVER SLEEPS.

An Ohio Solomon Proves the Fact to an Obstinate Prisoner.

While at the post-office in an Ohio village I heard the report that a murderer had been captured, and so I followed the crowd to the lock-up to learn more about it. There I found a prisoner whose every appearance proved the professional tramp. He was about forty years of age, very cool, and he greeted the charge of murder with a laugh. In a short time he was taken before a justice of the peace for examination, and I found a seat in the crowd. One look at the justice satisfied me that he realized the awful gravity of the situation and felt the foundation stone of the United States resting on his broad back.

"Prisoner," he began, "don't trifle with this court, for it won't be allowed."

"Who's going to trifle?" was the answer.

"Don't you do it, sir—don't you do it! Now, then, do you want to confess?"

"To what?"

"Cold-blooded murder!"

"Where?"

"In Cleveland."

"When?"

"Last night at eight o'clock."

"Humph! How far is it to Cleveland, Squire?"

"Ninety miles."

"And I slept all night in a barn back here three miles?"

"That's so, Judge," said a farmer in the crowd. "He came along at nine o'clock last night and I let him in there."

"You are sure?"

"Positive."

"And you won't confess?" he asked of the prisoner.

"How can I—being as I have done nothing?"

"Very well; such obstinacy deserves punishment, and I sentence you to the county jail for ninety days."

"What for?"

"To prove to you that Justice never sleeps, sir—never. You may think she do, but she don't—she don't, sir. You have been overtaken at last, sir—at last, sir; and the constable will take charge of the prisoner, and court is adjourned."—N. Y. Sun.

What's in a Name.

Millicent—I do so dislike "short" names, Mr. Jones; I never allow any one to call me "Milly." Don't you think I am right?

Mr. Jones—I quite agree with you.

Millicent—What do your friends call you, Mr. Jones?

Mr. Jones—My name is Montmorency Shorthouse Jones, and—er—they always call me "Shorty."—Light.

What They Spared.

Mrs. Tangle—John, the kitchen is just over-run with cock-roaches. They've eaten up every thing in it.

Mr. Tangle—What, every thing?

Mrs. Tangle—Yes. The only thing they haven't touched, is all that Patent Deadshot Roach Food that I put all around for them.—Light.

Took Him at His Word.

Slowpay (to collector)—I can't pay you to-day. Please call again.

Collector—This is very annoying. I don't want to do that.

Slowpay—Then stay away; but don't say that I didn't invite you.—West Shore.

An Honest Man.

Bronson—I suppose I may as well charge up that $25 you owe me to profit and loss. Brokeley—My dear sir, I am a man of honor. I will pay you that money, sir, if I have to steal it.—Munsey's Weekly.

ALL HANDS ASLEEP.

Engineer, Conductor and Passengers Let the Train Run Itself.

"We had been shooting prairie chickens in Uinta County, Wyoming Territory, and lost our way," he said. "We had expected to strike the Union Pacific railroad at Hilliard, about sundown, but it was nearly 3 o'clock in the morning when we crawled up to the little station platform, tired, sore, and dead fagged. We sat there shivering waiting for the next down 'freight' until the red light rounded the curve and came toward us shivering and tottering, as it seemed, in the darkness. We did not expect to be able to stop the train, but the grade was slight here and as all trains from Piedmont to Evanston are run 'on grade only' we had determined to 'jump the train.' S—— was to take the engine at the cab door. That left for me the caboose at the end or possibly the emigrant-cars, if the train carried any. It is next to impossible to 'jump' a freight car, as there are no steps or no place to seize as you make the spring. I was to climb up, walk along the freight-cars and join S—— in the engine where it was warm and where we could talk to the engineer and fireman.

"The heavy freight train rumbled down upon us, and as the engine shot past I saw S— suddenly pull himself up and then he was gone in the darkness. A moment later, after the rattle and rush of a string of cars, I spied my chance on an emigrant-car, and I, too, was safe on board. I had not expected to find an emigrant train, but when I landed on the platform of the first coach I opened the door and went in. Every one, including a brakeman, was fast asleep. I went through the three cars and back to the caboose. Every one was fast asleep. Then I walked back through the cars, and climbing to the top of the last freight car, started to walk ahead to find S—. I met him coming my way, as he was afraid I had not made my connection and had been left behind.

"'The engineer and fireman are both sound asleep,' he said.

"'Then every one on this train is asleep,' I answered, 'and there are a hundred or so of emigrants back there.'

"We went ahead, and I, getting down to the tender, sat on the coal and looked at the engineer and fireman. From Hilliard to Evanston the grade increases and it is a lively run. The train went ahead at a smashing rate, not a single brake being on, but both the men in the cab slept on peacefully.

"It was full daylight when we entered the cut above Evanston. S—— shook the engineer heavily there.

"'Better wake up,' he said, with a curious smile on his face. 'You are running into town at a passenger train's speed.'

"'Who's asleep?' said the engineer, gruffly, springing up and rubbing his eyes as he looked at his big silver watch. 'What are you doing in here?'

"'Oh,' said S——, with a laugh, 'I've been watching over your slumber for an hour or more.'

"At this the engineer's savageness suddenly disappeared. It was down brakes then, and the long train came to a standstill. The fireman meanwhile had become awakened and looked sheepishly at his superior. Each had trusted the other.

"'What are we lying here for?' asked S——.

"'Twenty minutes ahead of time,' said the engineer, meekly. 'Say,' he added, eagerly, 'you've saved my head on this. Don't say any thing about it, will you?'

"Twenty-three minutes later No. 8 pulled into Evanston on time to the second."—N. Y. Tribune.

THE GAMBLING MANIA.

An Epidemic That Is Growing More Virulent Every Day.

The passion for gambling has for many years been increasing in this country, until it threatens to become pre-eminently the national vice. Whether it arose from the fever for speculation which indirectly was one of the most evil of the results of the rebellion in the North, or whether the cause is to be looked for in that general spirit hastening to be rich that is a prominent characteristic of American civilization it might not be easy to determine; but of the fact there is unhappily no room for doubt.

It is not alone that the lottery has become a national institution; for however much one may shirk from acknowledging this, it is practically the truth. It is not alone that so many millions flow year by year into the pockets of avowed lotteries, American and foreign, or that the resources of the country are constantly on the strain caused by the influence of legalized gambling of the Stock Exchange. It is in a hundred different ways that the tendency of the times shows itself. It is in the constant allusions to poker-playing which figure in the columns of every newspaper, which adorn every farce, and which form half the stock in trade of the so-called comic paragrapher. It is in the complete mania for betting on horse-racing that has taken possession of the clerks and the young men of New York, and which is steadily on the increase in Boston. Every day, rain or shine, summer and winter, in snow storms which would seem to make it impossible, and in going so bad that "mud-horses" are a feature of the betting, the races go on, not at all in the interest of the sport, but entirely for the sake of the book-making.

The same spirit shows itself on every side; and if a halt is not called soon, we shall excel the Chinese in the vice of gambling. The epidemic is upon us, and who has any remedy to propose?—Boston Courier.

—At the Del Monte, in California, a newspaper man was introduced to a very charming girl, but he did not understand her name. As he engaged her for a future cotillion he entered opposite in short-hand, "red-headed and freckled." Innocently he allowed the young lady to read this card, not dreaming that she could decipher his pencil marks. But she did, and—well that young man will change his quarters.

CHICKEN A LA MARENGO.

This Delicious Dish Is Prepared—A Bit of Culinary History.

Nearly every one is familiar with the story of chicken a la Marengo: How upon the eve of that splendid victory the chef of Napoleon, finding his store of butter becoming scanty, fried his chicken in olive oil, and the Little Corporal, probably elated with premonitions of his brilliant success, declared then and there that such a supreme dish had never been served to him before. Few people, however, know what a really delicious dish a tender chicken fried in olive oil makes. In Arabia and some other Oriental countries where olive oil is cheap it is used exclusively for frying. It can be heated to a much higher temperature than lard or any animal fat before it burns, and is therefore better adapted to cooking, but it is too expensive for general use in this way. Cottonseed oil, a substitute for lard which has been offered, possesses all the desirable qualities of olive oil for frying, but unfortunately it has a rank flavor that penetrates food and hangs about the kitchen long after the frying is done. A mixture of beef fat and lard is the best available frying fat we have. Chicken a la Marengo is not a fried dish in the strict sense of the word, but a saute dish. In all saute dishes only just enough fat is used to cook the food and not have it burn. The pan is continually shaken as the name saute would indicate, and the fat is intended to season the food being absorbed by it. Butter is therefore usually used. It requires only a gill of oil to cook a chicken in this way, but the oil must be of the very nicest quality, the same that should be used in mayonnaise dressing. Like butter and an egg, olive oil must be beyond suspicion. It is exceedingly unpleasant to recall the quantity of rancid oil that is regularly served at hotel tables and restaurants where the proprietor would not think of offering butter or any thing else in the same condition. He and the majority of his guests seem in blissful ignorance. It is difficult always in summer to get sweet virgin olive oil, but without it any dish of chicken a la Marengo is spoiled.

Having procured a young chicken weighing about three pounds, cut it up neatly, and carefully as for fricasee. Lay the pieces in cold water for a few moments, then wipe each one dry with a kitchen towel; season each with salt and pepper and dust it with flour. Put four tablespoonfuls of olive oil into a spider large enough to hold half the pieces of chicken, without overlapping. Heat the oil till it is very hot; add a sliced shallot or a small onion, a few pieces of parsley, a sprig of thyme, and a bay leaf, and finally the pieces of chicken. Cook each one on one side till it is half done and brown, then turn it on the other and cook it till done. It will take about twenty-five minutes to cook a spiderful of the chicken. When the first spiderful is cooked add four more spoonfuls of oil and another sliced onion; heat it very hot and put in the rest of the chicken. As soon as it is all done, dish it and prepare the sauce. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour to the hot oil remaining in the spider and add slowly two cups of broth; boil it for ten minutes, stirring constantly, and strain it through a gravy strainer around the chicken, which should be on a platter dished in a pyramid form. A dish of boiled or of stewed mushrooms is a delightful accompaniment of chicken cooked in this way.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Tramp Was Shocked.

He was a persistent street beggar; his beat was on Van Buren street near Clarke he would hang on to a man for half a block persistently asking for a dime with which to pay for his lodging.

There happened along a couple of well dressed newspaper men, who to all appearances seemed to own the town. The beggar stepped out from his dark corner, squared himself before the two men, and was about to present his accustomed plea, when the nearer of the two suddenly faced the tramp and said:

"Say, friend, gimme a dime to get a drink, for I'm so blanked hungry that I don't know where I'm going to sleep to-night."

The professional beggar first looked puzzled, then amused, then gave two or three convulsive gasps and fell in a fit.—Chicago Photo.

Flowers in Full Dress.

Flowers are used in increasing abundance in full dress costumes. A pretty gown is of yellow gauze or tulle, with Josephine bodice, trimmed with long sprays or wreaths of violets. Another is of pink faille, full train, the pink gauze drapery held in place with masses of pink orchids. Still another elaborate gown of white merveilleux with a ground of pink brocade has pink tulips on the skirt and as a corsage bouquet. A pistache green moire has a deep hem of Parma violets, while a pale blue crepe de chine is trimmed with a garland of marguerites falling lightly from the shoulder to the waist and ending in a flutter of ribbons on the right side.—Kate Field's Washington Letter.

She Changed the Name.

"Papa," said the young mother, "I've decided on a name for baby; we will call her Imogen."

Papa was lost in thought for a few minutes; he did not like the name, but if he opposed it, his wife would have her own way.

"That's nice," said he, presently. "My first sweetheart was named Imogen, and she will take it as a compliment."

"We will call her Mary, after my mother," was the stern reply.—Harper's Bazar.

—The marriage ceremony practiced by the people of Borneo is very short and simple. Bride and groom are brought out before the assembled tribe with great solemnity, and seated side by side. A betel-nut is then cut in two by the medicine-woman of the tribe, and one half is given to the bride and the other half to the groom. They begin to chew the nut; and the old woman, after some sort of incantation, knocks their heads together, and they are declared man and wife.

THE COLONEL'S FEE.

He Earned Under Conditions Peculiar Even for a Lawyer.

There lives in one of the finest counties of Kentucky an aristocratic old gentleman, who, though brave at a time of physical trouble, has never succeeded in summoning sufficient courage to shove him into the recklessness of paying a debt. Like most men that are loose in money matters, he is of exceedingly cheerful disposition, and has been known to invite a bill collector into the room which he termed "the holy of holies," (derived from the fact that the Colonel kept his liquors there), and regale him with bourbon that had attained a great age. But he would not pay the bill.

Once the Colonel was in debt to a grocer that lived in a neighboring village. He must have been a new-comer, for none of the "old-timers" would trust the old gentleman. One morning, just after the Colonel had taken his third julep and sat down on the gallery to smoke, the grocer came to the gate and shouted, "halloa!"

"Get down and come right in, sah," the Colonel called, getting up and cordially advancing to meet the visitor.

"I am delighted to see you this bright morning," said the host when he had shown the grocer into the house.

"You don't know me, I reckon," the grocer responded, giving the old man a peculiar look out of his keen eyes of trade.

"O, most assuredly. You are the grocer."

"You bet. Did you get that bill—or, rather, them twenty bills—I sent you?"

"I presume so, but I can not say positively who sent them. I get so many favors of the kind that I hardly know whence they come. Let us go into the holy of holies."

"No, I reckon not. I have hearn of that licker room an' about you gittin' folks drunk that go in thar, but I've never hearn that a man what did go in thar ever got the money comin' to him. I'm a man of business an' I want my money without any palarverin.' Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, suh, and I can not blame you. Business can not be operated without money."

"But are you goin' to pay me?"

"I can't pay you now."

"When can you?"

"Let's see; this is the tenth of the month, ain't it?"

"That's what it is."

"Ah, ha, and to-morrow will be the eleventh."

"That's the size of it."

"Well, you come round between the eleventh and the first of next month."

"Will you pay me then?"

"No, I don't think I shall."

"Then what's the use of my comin?"

"None that I can see. Didn't know but you might be more willing to go into the holy of holies by that time."

"Not much. What I want is my money, and I'm goin' to have it or know the reason why."

"I don't mind giving you the reason. The reason appears to be that you'll not get the money. Now look here: I have always made it a point to look with favor on the methods of life established by other men. You have your rules and I have mine, but because our rules differ it is no reason for us to fall out. One of your rules is to collect every cent due you. All right. One of my rules is not to pay a cent. All right."

"No, it's not all right—you bet your life it ain't. You've simply got to pony up."

"No, I thank you. By the way, how much do I owe you?"

"Ten dollars."

"A beggarly sum."

"Why don't you pay it, then?"

"Because I don't pay beggarly sums. You'll pay this one."

"Possibly. By the way again, let me give you a piece of advice with regard to that bill. Shall I?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, sue me."

"I'll do it; you bet your life on that."

The grocer brought suit. The Colonel promptly appeared. The case went to trial and the grocer got judgment for seven dollars.

"I want my money now," said the grocer.

"And I want mine," the Colonel replied.

"Yours: I don't owe you any thing."

"O, yes. You see," the old man added, "the courts many years ago granted me license as a lawyer, and I'll be hanged if you haven't given me my first case. Here is the license."

"Why, I haven't given you a case."

"O, yes; I advised you to sue me and you did so. My fee is ten dollars."

"Mr. Billings," said the judge (and he also owed the grocer), "you will have to pay the amount."

He did so, closed his store, shot the judge's cow and ran away.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Two Points of View.

Stranger—If a man falls down an open coal hole, can he sue the owner of the premises for damages?

Lawyer—Certainly, sir, certainly big damages, and get them, too. Give me the particulars."

"Well, as my brother was passing your house this morning he fell through a coal hole and broke his leg."

"Hem! Did he use ordinary vigilance to prevent such an accident? Did he look at his feet as he walked? Did he stop and examine the condition of the pavement before entering upon it? Answer me that, sir."

"Stop? Why no——"

"Ah, ha! I thought so. Guilty of criminal negligence. He might have fallen on one of my own family under that coal hole—might have killed us all, sir. As it is I shall sue him for damages for mussing up my coal bin."—Good News.

—The water barometer in St. Jacques Tower, Paris, has a glass tube over 41 feet long, and about ¾ inch in diameter—the largest yet made.

—"When is the best time to cook a dumpling for Henry?" After you are safely married to him."—Society.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The Congregationalists added 452 missionaries to their forces at home and abroad last year.

—If you don't want to get your fingers burned, never shake hands with the devil.—Ram's Horn.

—There are in France about thirty thousand elementary schools where teachers, having passed an examination, train boys in gardening.

—The issues of Bibles by the American Bible Society during seventy-three years amount to 52,736,075 copies. And yet the larger part of the world is still "heathen."

—The best workers to send abroad are those who are most effective at home. He who takes no interest in the religious advancement of his neighbors will not accomplish much in the foreign field.—Presbyterian Observer.

—Brain culture, like physical culture, is governed by regular laws, and it is only by complying with these laws that the result can be obtained. Plenty of good food for nutrition, and vigorous exercise to strengthen and discipline natural power, are the two fundamental laws in both forms of culture.—N. Y. Independent.

—The University of Moscow recently celebrated its one hundred and thirty-fifth anniversary. Its teaching force consists of 88 regular professors and 85 private instructors; the number of students is 3,805. The Minister of Instruction has, in recent years, made several efforts to lessen the attendance at this and other Russian universities. In Russia, as well as in Germany, the professions are overcrowded.

—Rev. Dr. Wm. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, recently said: "When three or four gentlemen a month call upon me for aid for colleges, I feel there are too many of them; but when I reflect upon the greatness of that Western country and on the rapidity with which it is filling up, and on the necessity that the social foundations be well laid, I do not think so, but rejoice that there are those willing to undertake such work."

—The moral character of Jesus is harmonious in all its parts. It is a miracle of celestial beauty, blending the innocence of the lamb with the dignity of God, sweet in its benevolence, and intense and strong in its aversion to sin, and without a blemish or a fault. It has in all ages commanded the universal tribute of human thought. The most arrogant infidelity forgets its sneer in the presence of this character.—N. Y. Independent.

—Man, as a mere animal, is the inferior of many earthly creatures in strength, agility, beauty and warlike equipment. When we regard him as a mere brute, though we place him in the front rank of such creatures, we can not but feel a contempt for him. It is only when he is viewed as a moral being, endowed with features of soul that ally him to God and ennoble him above the animals, that he commands our veneration and love. The more perfect this moral excellence becomes, the higher the man stands in the estimation of those who are themselves worthy.—Christian Instructor.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Circumstances alter cases, but pi alters the whole form.—Puck.

—Truth is as impossible to be soiled by an outward touch as the sunbeam.—Denver Road.

—You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.—Charles Buxton.

—A Long Branch belle has a girdle made of silver dollars, and it looks like a waist of money.—Yonkers Statesman.

—The woman who is least popular with men in general is most apt to make one man happy in particular.—Atchison Globe.

—He (despairingly)—"I wish I could find something to take up my mind." She (softly)—"Try blotting paper."—Boston Post.

—This is the time of the year that a good deal of comfort could be found in the possession of a cool million.—Terre Haute Express.

—A writer says: "There are some things a woman doesn't know." There may be, but no man can tell her what they are.—N. Y. Ledger.

—It takes a man with keen eyesight and a brain of much scope to see and grasp the golden opportunity before it turns the corner.—Ram's Horn.

—Whoever will reverence the glimpses of his better mind shall find them multiplied, and even while they pass, they may be rich in revelations.—Martineau.

—A broken heart is a sad, sad thing,
A broken head is worse,
But a broken pocket-book, my friend,
Is mankind's greatest curse.

—Kearney Enterprise.

—After you have weighed your neighbor in the balance, drop a nickle of fairness in the slot of self-examination and ascertain your own moral avoirdupois.—Dover (Del.) Sentinel.

—Teacher (to class)—In this stanza what is meant by the line, "The shades of night were falling fast?" Bright scholar—The people were pulling down the blinds.—Lynn Press.

—An admirer said: "Of all that is given him, woman is man's sweetest present." There are certain surfeited boors to affirm that she is also sweetest absent.—Philadelphia Press.

—"What is the difference between ice and water?" "Ice is frozen water, that is all." "There is a greater difference than that." "What is it?" "Water always finds its level, but ice is constantly going up."—Boston Courier.

—If no special passage in your life be so conspicuous as to arrest any man's attention, let your character, as a whole, make an impression for the truth. Let its weight, however little, press every one it touches away from the wrong and into the right.—Dr. Charles F. Deems.

—They had been discussing the subject of intelligence in the lower animals the other evening over in Coffee's grocery store, when a large farmer from Bethel Township stated as a fact that he had a dog at home that did all his churning. "That's nothin'," remarked a wag who had recently come into possession of a brindle cow; "I've got a calf that does all my milkin'."—Harper's Bazar